Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:
Had *I* ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſsion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being ſeldome ſeene, *I* could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, *I* was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, Where, which is Bullingbrook?
And then *I* ſtole all courteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humilitie,
That I did plucke allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud ſhouts, and ſalutations from their mouths,
Euen in preſence of the crowned King.
Thus did *I* keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And wan by rareneſſe ſuch ſolemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardleſſe vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularitie,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taſte of ſweeteneſſe, whereof a little

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